THE

WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.] SATURDAY, July 21, 1804. [No. 94

MARIA CORBYN.

A TALE.

ACCOMPLISHED and beautiful, Maria was, at the inexperienced age of fifteen, left, by the fond indulgence of an aged and infirm father, almost entirely without controul. Her extreme vivacity and cheerfulness of temper caused her to be eagerly followed by the young and the gay; and her own innocence leading her to judge in the most favorable manner of others, made her easily incline to believe that the attentions she received from either sex were merely the tribute due to her own merits, or a sincere regard in those who so ardently professed it.

This idea encouraged, soon laid the seeds of a vanity ultimately tending to her destruction. Of all the errors into which youth are likely to fall, that of incaution with respect to their choice of associates is the most dangerous: a pleasing person, insinuating manner, and a plausible address, are sufficient to deceive the unwary; till, like the fostered snake, it rises to destroy its benefactor.

So it was with Maria, who, destitute of maternal care to direct her choice, was easily led into the snare of those who find it their interest to sully a reputation fairer than their own.

Lucinda Harrop, a gay votary of fashion, soon caught the admiration of our fair novice, who ambitious of making one in those circles where *she* shone with so much splendor, made her by degrees her bosom companion. In the humble retirement which her father had chosen as best suited to his indolent and tranquil disposition, Maria had left one heart that fondly sighed for her; but as Edward Denville was the heir of an immense fortune, paternal authority prevented his union with the daughter of an obscure clergyman; and, as Mr. Corbyn was at heart a man of the most unimpeachable integrity, he removed to town, that the youth might no longer be exposed to a temptation so great as the beauty and artless affection of Maria held out.

Immersed in the pleasures of the dissipated metropolis, Maria felt her rustic attachment superceded by the powerful calls of ambition; and, as the levity of Lucinda gave free encouragement to the flatterers that surrounded them, few hours were left for reflection, or the remembrance of Edward. He had written two letters to her, which she punctually answered; but the third, a multiplicity of engagements and evident coldness of sentiment caused to remain unnoticed.—Alarmed at this change, he took the first opportunity he could possibly obtain of following her to town. He remonstrated with her upon her negligence, and revived, by his kindness, all those tender emotions which his presence never failed to inspire.

At the hotel where he lodged, he one day took his dinner with some gentlemen who also resided there; when, after the wine had gone briskly round, he heard a gentleman almost in a state of intoxication, give for his toast—'Maria Corbyn.' Surprised at hearing her name so familiarly mentioned, he demanded of the baronet, who had so vociferously announced it, whom he meant.

"Why, what the d—l are you driving at?" cried Sir James. "You have not been long in London, or you would have known the prettiest girl in it. She was introduced to me by my Lucy."

"Your Lucy!" reiterated the astonished Edward. "I an equally ignorant now, whether you mean the Lady I have some acquaintance with—."

"Oh," cried another, "Lucy Harrop is the girl Sir James——that is to say, has under his protection:—you understand me?" added he, winking significantly.

Almost too much agitated to express himself clearly, Edward replied—"It cannot be the same; 'tis impossible; my Maria would never associate with a woman of blemished character!"

"Your Maria!" exclaimed the gentleman who had given him the former piece of information. "What I suppose she is under *your* protection?"

Irritated by the sneer with which these words were pronounced, Edward replied——"She is.—Maria Corbyn is a woman of virtue!—and I will protect her with my life."

They burst into a loud laugh.

"I will not stay to be insulted," cried Edward, throwing a card upon the table —"There is my address:—If any one here conceives he has a call upon me, I will not fail to answer it in a proper manner." He then flew to Maria, related to her what had passed, and begged her to assure him that she was not the person alluded to.

"Indeed I can give you no such assurance," said Maria calmly. Miss Lucinda Harrop is my very intimate friend, and I have seen Sir James at her apartments: yet, to set your heart at rest, you may believe me, Edward, she is a girl of good family and respectable character; but the baronet may have sinister designs in impeaching her character."

Edward struck his forehead in perplexity. "You have said, Miss Corbyn, that you value my friendship. Will you give me one proof of your esteem and wish to promote my happiness? Say, dear Maria, will you give up your acquaintance with Miss Harrop?"

"Dear Edward, I would do any thing in my power to oblige you; but you expect too much; I am under infinite obligations to Lucinda; and it would be the height of ingratitude to quarrel with her, on the misrepresentations of an inebriated baronet."

Edward, unwilling to force her inclinations, and fondly hoping her representation was just, took an affectionate farewel; and only staying in town long enough to ascertain that he should hear nothing from his fellow lodgers, returned to W———.

Sir James now publicly declared himself her adorer, pursued her like her shadow, and notwithstanding the resentment of his fair mistress, did not despair of carrying his point. Her inflexible virtue was a material obstacle in his way, and, required the utmost exertion of his artifice to remove; but as he carefully concealed his design from Maria, she concluded his intentions were honorable, and, flattered by the admiration of such a conspicuous character, suffered his attentions ignorant of the consequences they were likely to produce.——

The sudden death of Mr. Corbyn gave a most successful turn to his views; and, under the most specious semblance of disinterested friendship, he offered to take charge of her till her affairs could be so settled as to place her in a proper situation.—Imagining herself safe under the eye of her friend Lucinda, she consented, and soon found the motive with which she was so solicited.

Wholly in the power of a dissolute young man, her only hope was in the arrival of Edward, to whom she had immediately written; but, as no answer arrived, she was reduced to the mean subterfuge of apparent submission, to ensure a temporary safety. Week after week, however, elapsed, and no letter was received from Edward; when, entering one night a box at Drury Lane Theatre, she perceived him on the opposite side of the house, dressed in deep mourning. In a few minutes she caught his eye: he started; the blood rose high in his cheeks, and he turned his face instantly to the stage.

"Ah!" sighed Maria, "*his* father too is perhaps dead—has left *him* in *affluence* ———and he now disdains the humble Maria!"

Pride for a moment prevailed; and, determined not to let him perceive her mortification, she turned and addressed Sir James in a constrained manner, yet which he mistook for dawning kindness. In return he behaved to her with an increasing familiarity, which she now found it difficult to repulse. In a short time Edward quitted the house, and her eyes vainly watched their own box-door, in expectation of his entrance. Despair at length succeeded, and she returned home in a state of mind easily to be imagined.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

THE FISHERMAN'S DOMESTIC PLEASURES.

From Pratt's "Gleanings in Wales."

I SET off from a lone house, on a sandy heath, very properly called "The Barren Island," about a mile on the Aberestwith side of Aberaven, where I had passed a stormy night, rendered more troublous by there being every hour brought to the Ferry-house the dead bodies of Fishermen, who had perished in a tempest, which a few nights before had wrecked a number of vessels on the coast of Wales. It was the season of the herring-fishery, in progress of which there are many misfortunes of this sort, and of other kinds; for a bad season, or, which is tantamount, bad luck, will ruin a whole family, sometimes a whole village, the sole dependence of which are the herrings, the staple commodity of the inhabitants.

At the time of my quitting the Barren Island, the clouds made the fairest promises, and a beautiful rainbow stretched its arch across the heavens to confirm them; but I had not gone a league, before all these fair promises were broken, and my clothes were completely wet through, notwithstanding my horse did the best in his power, for both our sakes, to prevent it.

We took shelter at a most miserable looking hut at the side of the heath, and accepted the protection it offered with as much entire good will as if it had been an eastern palace. My horse was obliged to crawl into a kind of out-house, where a swine-driver and his pigs had the instant before taken refuge; and, while I was reconciling my steed to this society, a Jew pedlar and his pack, and another traveller with his dog, crowded in. Necessity, as Shakespeare says, brings one acquainted with strange company: not that these are the words of that immortal Bard, and of course my memory has injured even the sentiment; but you, who have literally his best sentiments by *heart*, can do him justice.

A being, scarcely human in appearance, invited me to enter the hut. I entered. Its inhabitants—How shall I describe them? Fancy something which assembles the extremes of filth, penury, health, and felicity—personify these amongst men, women, and chil-

dren—give to each of them forms and features which confer a sort of grace and beauty on the household of the Barber of barmouth by comparison —Put all this filth, penury, health, and felicity into motion; and, having formed your group, imagine that you see it unshod, unstockened, uncapped, and nearly unpetticoated and unbreeched. Young and old were busied in counting the finest and freshest herrings I ever saw, that instant brought in from the fishing-boat.

The father of the family, to whom the boat belonged, declared he had never had so prosperous a voyage; and, though he was almost blown away, he would hazard twice as much danger for such another drag. "Look what a size they are of, and how they shine my boys and girls! I'faith, they seemed plaguily afraid of the hurricane, and came in shoals to the nets, as if they took shelter in them,—little thinking poor fools, that this was a jump from the water to the fire? And now I talk of that, here, put half a dozen of them into a pan, for I am deuced hungry! and mayhap this gentleman may be so too; and if so be that he is, he shall be as welcome to a fresh herring and a brown buiscuit as myself.—What say you my heart of oak!" continued he clapping me as familiarly on the shoulder as if I had been his messmate; and, indeed, treating me as hospitably as if I had been so, and we had both escaped from a wreck to his cabin.

Perceiving my dripping situation. he said, "Come, shipmate, doff your jacket—put on this rug—come to an anchor in that corner—warm your shivering timbers with a drop of this dear creature, which will make a dead fish speak like an orator!—There!—another swig! —Don't be afraid of it!—One more, —and now you will do while your rigging and canvass are drying!"

All this time, mine host of the hovel stood in his sea-drench'd apparel; on my reminding him of which, he cried out, smilingly,—"Ah! you are a fresh water sailor, I perceive, and would take a deal of seasoning before you were good for any thing! But for me, all winds and weathers are alike to old Jack, while I can get good fish abroad, and good flesh at home!—So fry away, Molly, for the wet has made me as hungry as a shark; and though I have drank like a whale, I shall now eat like a lion,—and I hope you will do the same, messmate!"

By this time mine hostess set before us our dish of herrings, which, with oatmeal cakes, potatoes and butter-milk, furnished one of the heartiest dinners I ever ate; after which, the sailor made me partake of a can of flip—sung a song about the dangers and hardships of the sea-faring life—and made me take notice, that he was the happy father of a cabin full of children, that I might see another was upon the stocks, and that, if it pleased God to send him a dozen such pieces of good fortune every year, for a dozen seasons, he should be as able, as he was willing to procure a snug birth for every one. "And mean time, master," added he, "we will have another sip of grog, to drink success to the herring fishery."

Our regale was interrupted by the sudden exclamations from without doors, of "She's lost! she's lost!—she can't weather it!—she must go to the bottom!—There is not water enough for her to come in, and the wind blows like the Devil in her teeth!—She's sinking —the next sea will finish her!"—All the cottagers ran to the beach, which which was within a few paces. I followed instinctively.

The hurricane was again renewed: the seas ran mountain high, and a small coasting vessel was struggling with them. In a few minutes the strand was covered with numerous, but not idle spectators. The whole of the villagers hurried to give assistance. Amongst the crowd, I discovered both the Pig-driver and the Pedlar, whose situation I had begun to relate to my kind-hearted host: but the most assiduous of the whole multitude was a young woman, who, while the tears ran down her cheeks, was amid the first to leap into a small boat which had been anchored on the beach, and in which the master of our cottage and three others resolved to trust themselves, to offer such assistance as was in their power

The wind did not abate of its fury, but shifted a few points more in-shore. This perhaps, in a vessel of greater burthen, might have been fatal; but was in some sort, favorable to the little bark in distress. She had, by tacking, gained a station parallel to a part of the harbor, where she might run ashore; which she did, at length, without much damage: and the only thing now to be apprehended was the loss of the boat, that had gone out for her succor. The people on board the vessel were almost instantly on land; and one of them being shown the boat, and told, at the same time, that she went out to the relief of the crew, was amongst the most active to throw out a rope, and try to return the favor intended him in kind.—The same circumstance, however, which brought in the vessel, presently befriended the boat, who venturing to set her sail, was, after a few desperate rolls, impelled over the billows, and driven, as it were, headlong on shore; but not before the sailor, who had been handing out the rope, perceived the female in the boat, on which he threw himself on the ground in the eagerness of catching her in his arms.

You already feel they were lovers. They were more: the bands of matrimony had united them the week before. The very fishing-boat, which was now driven on shore, was the mutual property of the two fathers, who had agreed to give up each his share to their son and daughter, as the wedding portion. Two of the men in the little skiff were the fathers. The profits of the herring season were to be the children's fortune.—

How thin are the bounds that separate the extremes of happiness from the excesses of misery! The former however, were now realized: the vessel brought in a good freight, the fathers were saved, and the children were happy. They all resided in, and were, indeed natives of, the village; but mine host, whose house was nearest to the place of landing, and had a heart sufficiently expanded to fill a palace with people that stood in need of hospitality, insisted that, as soon as the little Sally and Jack (which it seems, was the name of the fishing-boat) could be left for half an hour, they should pass it with him. This being agreed to, all hands went to work upon the little Sally and Jack; and, if I had not been apprehensive that my ignorance of what was to be done, would rather have confused than assisted, my poor aid should not have been withheld.

Matters being put to rights, and less mischief done than might have been expected, the company set off for the

hut of my generous host, who took a hand of each of the married lovers, walking between them, and told them he hoped, that, as they had so well escaped Davy's Locker this time, they would tumble in a hammock together these fifty years!—A fresh supply of fish was immediately ordered into the pan, my landlord swearing a terrible oath that on this occasion (for there was a strict friendship between him and the parties preserved) the old saying should be verified, as to their swimming thrice; accordingly, for their second ocean, it was determined that the bowl, which some years before had commemorated an escape from a shipwreck in his own fortunes, should now be filled to the brim, to celebrate the success of the little Sally and Jack. I was pressed to stay and take my share, on pain of being deemed too proud to be happy amongst poor people; and on observing that my steed all this time was in a state which reproached me for faring so sumptuously, mine host started up, declaring that, though he could not ride, he loved a horse next to a man, and that, if mine would put up with a mess of bran instead of hay, (of which he had none) and a draught of ale instead of water, he should be as welcome as his own soul.—

I took him at his word, and staid to witness and join in the festivities, till there was just enough of the evening left to reach Aberestwith. I would have offered a small token of acknowledgment for what I had received, but that I saw a tremendous frown gathering on the brow of my host, and an oath quivering on his lips, which frightened me from my design, and made me only take his hand, with an assurance that I would never pass his house without stopping to see if all was well on board, and how the herring fishery succeeded.

This so pleased him, that he made the bowl go round to my health, and wishing another gale of wind would blow me into his hovel as often as I should come along-aside of it. He then led out my horse, held the stirrup while I mounted, and huzzaed me in three hearty cheers, till I was out of sight.

THE READING OF NOVELS.

MANY works of this description in our language, may be read with innocence and safety. The novels of Fielding, of Richardson, and of Radcliffe, no man of taste will peruse without pleasure, and no man of reflection without improvement. But far different from these, are the volumes which usually crowd the shelves of a circulating library, or are seen tumbling on the sofas of a fashionable drawing room. It is not the occasional perusal of the best, but the habitual reading of the worst, which it is the wish of every wise and good man to censure and restrain. Not a few of these, instead of possessing that ease perspicuity and elegance of style, which should seem essential to lighter compositions, and works intended only for amusement, are so defective in the common properties of expression, and even the ordinary rules of grammar, that they cannot fail to corrupt the language and deprave the taste of all who bestow their time and attention upon them.

The authors of others seem ambitious, on every occasion, to introduce, not only foreign idioms and phraseology, and the inflated efflorescence of Gallic oratory, but such colloquial terms and sentences from French writers, as they would persuade us, convey their ideas with greater force or perspicuity, than any expression which our own defective language can supply. The real motive of the writers is, probably nothing more than the contemptible affectation of superior learning; but the practice has an obvious tendency to corrupt the purity and destroy the character of our English diction, and as far as it is in the power of novelists to effect it, to reduce us to babble a dialect of France.

Some of these publications betray such a laxity in their doctrines of morality, and exhibit such a licentiousness of sentiment and description, as cannot fail to inflame the passions, which they ought to restrain, and to undermine the virtue which they profess to support. Others are made the vehicle of principles, hostile to our civil and ecclesiastical establishments, A still greater, because a more general fault, is the misrepresentation of human characters and human life.

Love, resistless love, is there considered as the general agent in terrestrial transactions; as the sole distributor of good and evil, of happiness and misery to mankind. Personal attachment conceived at sight, and matured in a moment, bears down alike the distinctions of rank and the maxims of prudence; and, by the magic wand of the genius of romance, the daughter the cottager is exalted into a countess, and the laborer at the anvil or the mine, soon graces the court and the drawing room. The hero and heroine are involved in distress in which no other mortals ever were involved, and generally delivered by means by which none but themselves ever were delivered.

They are, however, always married at last, and attain in the possession of each other, such happiness as no human being ever yet attained, and such as Nature and Providence with all their bounty never will bestow.

By the constant perusal of narratives of this description, the youth of both sexes are encouraged to cherish expectations that never can be realized, and to form notions of each other, which painful experience will every day refute. The mind too, by exercising only its weaker powers, becomes enervated and enfeebled, disgusted with the tumult of business, or the roughness of contradiction, the most valuable season of life is spent in the sport of musing, instead of the labor of thinking, in the indulgence of the fairy visions of hope, and the reveries of a perverted imagination, instead of the pursuit of science, the formation of maxims of wisdom, and the establishment of the principles of moral duty.

The votes of the judicious, are, we doubt not, against that folly, so fascinating and so fashionable, of novel reading; but the practice of the majority is clearly on the other side; and against measures, which they can neither approve nor prevent, all that the minority can perform, is to assert the arguments of truth, and to enter the protest of reprobation.

ADVICE TO YOUNG UNMARRIED LADIES.

IF you have blue eyes you need not languish.

If black eyes you need not leer,

If you have pretty feet, there is no necessity to wear short petticoats.

If you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long.

If you have good teeth do not laugh.

If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than occasion may justify.

If you have pretty hands and arms, there can be no objection to your playing on the lute, if you play well.

If you are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry.

If you have a bad voice rather speak in a low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world, never speak in a high one.

If you dance well, dance but seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

If you discover a person to be telling an absolute falshood, unless it is particularly injurious, let it pass in silence; for it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him or her a liar.

Never touch the sore place in any one's character; for be assured whoever you are, that you have a sore place in your own—and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles: what a folly then to make an enemy by frowns!

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear at least, to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however awkwardly it may be executed.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill humors on your dog, your cat, or your femme de chambre, than on your friends.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gntle

If you would obtain power be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

FEMALE HEROISM.

A CHINESE emperor, pursued by the victorious forces of a patriot of inferior rank, to extricate himself had recourse to the principle of filial duty and reverence, carried in China to a superstitious excess. An officer with a sabre in his hand, was dispatched to the mother of the victor, with command from the emperor, on pain of death, to order her son to disband his troops.

Disdainfully smiling, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy master believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but sacred convention between the people and their sovereigns, by which the master is bound to render happy the servant who obeys? It is the emperor who has first violated this treaty—and thou vile tool of a tyrant, learn in such a case, from a woman, what is due to thy country," Then, snatching from his hand the weapon, she plunged it in her breast. "Slave!" said she, as the blood flowed from the wound, "if thou hast still any virtue, carry this poignard to my son:—Tell him to revenge the nation, and punish the usurper:—He has now no caution to observe on the account of his mother:—He is at liberty to be virtuous."

MARKETS FOR THE FAIR CIRCASSIANS.

CAFFA, or as it is now called by its original name, Theodocia, is the great market for Circassian slaves, who have been destined for ages to be brought to the market of Caffa, like any other kind of merchandize; and what is most remarkable in this revolting business is, that these beauties, so famous in Eastern story are brought in vast numbers every year by their own parents and sold at from 2 to 4000 Turkish piasters (about 5s. sterling each) in proportion to their charms.

As I am sure that a *mistress market* must be a curious subject to the polished nations of Europe, I shall give a specimen of the manner in which it is carried on, in the very words of Mr. Keelman, a German merchant.

"The fair Circassians," says Mr. Keelman, "of whom three were offered me for sale in 1798, were brought from their own chamber into mine, (as we all lodged in the same inn) one after another, by the Armenian merchant who had to dispose of them. The first was very well dressed, and had her face covered in the Oriental style. She kissed my hand by order of the master, and then walked backward and forward in the room, to show me her fine shape, her pretty, small foot, and her elegant carriage. She then lifted up her veil, and absolutely surprised me by her extreme beauty. Her hair was fair, with fine large blue eyes; her nose a little acquiline, with pouting red lips. Her features were regular, her complexion fair and delicate, and her cheeks covered with a fine natural vermillion, of which she took care to convince me by rubbing them hard with a cloth. Her neck I thought a little too long, but to make amends, the finest bosom and teeth in the world set off the other charms of this beautiful slave, for whom the Armenian asked 4000 Turkish piasters, but permitted me to feel her pulse to convince me that she was in perfect health; after which she was ordered away, when the merchant assured me that she was a pure virgin of eighteen years of age.

"I was more surprised, probably, than I ought to have been (as common usage renders every thing familiar) at the perfect indifference with which the inhabitants of Caffa beheld this traffic in beauty, that had shocked me so much, and at their assuring me, when I seemed affected at the practice, that it was the only method which parents had of bettering the state of their handsome daughters, *destined at all events for the Harem*; for that the rich Asiatic gentleman, who pays 4000 piasters for a beautiful mistress, treats and prizes her as an earthly houri, in perfect conviction that his success with the houries of paradise entirely depends on his behavior to the sisterhood on earth, who will bear testimony against him in case of ill treatment: in short that, by being disposed of to rich Mussulmans, they were sure to live in affluence and ease the rest of their days, and in a state by no means degrading in Mahometan

countries, where their prophet has permitted the seraglio: But, that, on the contrary, if they fall into the hands of their own feudal lords, the barbarous inhabitant of their own native mountains, which it is very difficult for beauty to escape, their lot was comparatively wretched, as those rude chieftains have very little respect or generosity toward the fair sex."

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

A TALE.

ARANTHES was the son to the governor of one of the Mediterranean islands, and favored with all the advantages of nature, fortune and education. Aspasia was a Greek lady, beautiful beyond description, and admired by all the youth of Athens, which was then the place of concourse for all the polite of the Roman empire.

Their mutual merit produced a mutual esteem, and this was, after some time, converted into the most ardent passion. They both indulged the hopes of being happy in each other for life, when, Aranthes, returning home to obtain his father's consent, was taken by a pirate, sold into the interior parts of Africa, and condemned there to toil with the most unremitting severity.

In the mean time, Aspasia felt all that love and impatience could inspire; one year passed away without hearing any news from her lover; another came, but still the same silence; at length an account arrived that Aranthes was no more, so, that Aspasia now lost her love in desparation.

Time, that obliterates every passion, by degrees assuaged the pain, which was felt by Aspasia; she was at last brought to listen to new addresses, and so far prevailed upon by the influence of her parents that she consented to go to France with an old merchant, who designed her for his son, then in Africa, trading with the natives of that barbarous region. Her voyage was successful, and her refined manners charmed the old man, the son, who soon after returned was not less enchanted.

A day was fixed for their nuptials; and as he was the most opulent man of the country, all the inhabitants came successively to offer their congratulations, and in order to add still greater splendor to the solemnity, the young merchant who was the bridegroom, made her a present of fifty slaves, who were at that time just landed, and within half a day's journey to attend her.

As the presence of such a number of slaves it was thought, would add to the magnificence of the entertainment, they were led up to the merchants palace, loaded with merchandizes, as was then the custom, and bending beneath their sorrows and fatigue. Aspasia felt all that humanity can inspire upon the sight of such distress, when they passed on successively before her. But what could equal her emotions, when, among, the hindmost of the unhappy wretches, she beheld her own Aranthes, emaciated with labor and affliction, and with his eyes unalterably fixed on the ground. She gave a loud convulsive shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of her attendants. As her situation naturally drew the eyes of all upon her. Aranthes saw once again the dear object of his earliest passion, and flew with haste to her assistance. Their story and his misfortunes were soon made known to the company, and the young merchant with peculiar generosity, resigned his mistress to the more early claim of Aranthes.

PRIDE HUMBLED.

A YOUNG LADY of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods—"Pray madam," said the grey-headed steward, "may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home; you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice," answered she "when desired; I admit of no instructions from servants."

She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and cool breeze. Fatigue seized her; regardless of high birth, she sat down on a smooth place at the side of a high-road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw pass was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postillion. "You are far from home, madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's."—"Prithee fellow, be not officious." Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horse-back, "Mistress, will you get up behind me, Dobbin is sure footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, nor much out of my way."—"Mistress!" exclaimed she, "how dare you presume—" "No offence," said the young man, and rode away humming a song "I love Sue."

It was night, the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled; and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung-cart. "Friend," said she, in an humble accent, "will you let me go with you."

Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune—Pride is the cause of many.

P. PUNCTILLIO.

A PUN HYMENIAL.—The Washington Federalist, in announcing the marriage of *James Waterman*, printer of this city, to Miss *Hannah Fountain*, thus remarks—"So the *Waterman* has got a *Fountain* of his own—a very good thing for a dry time in hot weather.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July 21, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 38 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 10—fits 2—jaundice 1—pleurisy 1—cancer 1—asthma 1—gunshot wound 1—sudden 2—intermitting fever 1—incision in lungs 1—teething 2—old age 1—inflammation of the bowels 1—bloody flux 3—dropsy 3—dysentery 1—and 6 of disorders not mentioned.

Of whom 22 were adults, and 16 children.

[*From a New-Orleans paper.*]

ON SUNDAY the 8th instant gov. Claiborne, accompanied by the rev. Mr. Welsh and several other clergymen of the catholic church, the municipality, and several members of the tribunal of justice, visited the convent of this city. On entering the apartments of the young ladies, who are boarders in the convent, assembled for instruction, the governor was presented by one of the young ladies with the following address.

Hail gen'rous chief! We hail you to these walls,
Where meek Religion bears a placid sway;
No passions rude the humble mind appals,
Nor discontent the worldly wish betray.

May health and peace attend each coming hour,
Each future years unfading laurels bring;
Nor o'er your Autumn dark misfortune low'r,
To blight the harvests promis'd by your Spring.

May time roll on, uninterrupted roll,
Your days be spar'd to happy length of years;
Before you part to reach the final goal,
That bounds of man the future hopes and fears.

The governor then rose from his seat, and addressing himself particularly to the nuns, made the following reply:

"*Venerable Ladies,*

"I receive with peculiar satisfaction the elegant poetic compliment with which you have honored me. Your benevolent wishes flow from a source so pure, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of acknowledging how sensible I am of their sincerity and kindness. Permit me in return to assure you of the high estimation in which I hold your order, as well as a respect to that religion to which you are devoted, as for the patriotic object of your institution, the education of youth.

Under the free and mild government of United America, you may with certainty calculate on the uninterrupted enjoyment of your present tranquil and hallowed retreat, and the exercise of the honorable avocation to which our temporal cares are directed.

Permit me, ladies, to renew to you assurances of my friendly respect: and may Almighty God bestow on this institution, his choicest blessing, and preserve in health and happiness, all who dwell within these sacred walls."

The company was then conducted into the orphan's apartment, where an elegant and interesting address was delivered to the municipality by one of the orphan children, to which Mr. Pittot, in the name of the municipality, returned *extempore* an appropriate answer.

There are thirty-six boarders in the convent, and thirty-six orphan girls, who are supported by the city. The nuns have also the care of more than one hundred day scholars, to whose education and morals they pay great care.

The convent is of the order of St. Ursula; it was established in the year 1797; and has uniformly merited and received the esteem and confidence of the public. One of the vows of the nuns is, to devote their temporal care to the education of female youth.

The greater part of the ladies of New-Orleans and many other parts of Louisiana, have been educated in this convent, where piety, neatness and œconomy universally prevail.

Married,

On Tuesday evening, the 17th, Mr. Charles Tooker, of the house of Brower & Tooker, to Miss Margaret Mackay, daughter of Mr. George Mackay, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, at Greenwich, William Hunter, esq. of Newport (R. I.) to Miss Mary Robinson, daughter of Mr. William T. Robinson, merchant of this city.

Died,

At Philadelphia in the one hundredth year of her age, Ruth Wheler, a native of that place. She remembered the city when the high forest trees stood in Walnut-street from fourth-street to the river.

Suddenly, on Saturday morning, in the 69th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Osborn, relict of capt. Peter Osborn, formerly in the London trade, and lost at sea about the year 1778.

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excrutiating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,
No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York."

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or inturring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had, with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

JUST PUBLISHED,

A CORRECT LIST OF ALL THE

PRIZES DRAWN IN THE LOTTERY,

NO. 2, FOR THE PROMOTION

OF LITERATUREIN THIS STATE

FOR SALE AT THE VISITOR OFFICE,
No. 102, WATER-STREET.

AND BY JOHN TIEBOUT NO. 232,
WATER-STREET, NEW-YORK.

PARODY ON ROMEO'S DESCRIPTION OF AN APOTHECARY.

I DO remember a precise old maid,
And hereabout she dwells—whom late I noted
In rustling gown, with wan and wither'd lips,
Demure and formal, dusting-cloth in hand,
Rubbing her chairs, and meagre were her looks.
Envy had worn her to the very bones;
And in her shining parlor, flow'r-pots stood,
Deck'd with geranium and jessamine,
And orange trees, and roses, pinks, and lilies,
'*Bachelor's Buttons*,' crisp as she herself,
And lowly passion flow'r, the type of love.
Six chairs, two tables and a looking-glass,
Were burnish'd bright and oft; and round the room,
On wall, in closet, or on mantle-piece,
An old work basket, sal-volatile,
Portraits of maiden aunts, in ball-room suit,
With lamb or lap-dog hanging on their arms,
Novels from Circulating Library,
' Law's serious call to unconverted folks,
Love elegies, a bible and a cat,
Were duly set for ornament or use,
As spleen prevail'd or visitors came in.
List'ning, as thro' the house her shrill voice scream'd,
Scolding the servants, to myself I said,
And if a man did wish to gain a wife,
With *show* of courtship, here's an ancient maid,
Whose lips have practis'd long before the glass,
The feint refusal, and the eager *yes*
Following as quick as echo to the sound.
And this same thought does but forerun my need,
I'll instant seek---some *younger* maid to wed!
As I remember this should be the house,
Being twilight hour, she's out upon the trot
To barter scandal for a dish of tea.

A BALLAD.

'TWAS on a cliff whose rocky base,
Baffled the briny wave;
Whose cultured heights their verdant store
To many a tenant gave;

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wander'd with her child;
Unwean'd the babe, yet on the grass
He frolic'd, and he smil'd,
With what delight the mother glow'd,
To mark the infant's joy,
How oft would pause amidst her toil
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon by other cares estrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forsook:
Careless he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropt was each flower that caught his eye,
Till scrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the cliff's unsheltered edge,
And pleas'd survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother, from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child,
The urchin gone! her cheeks were flush'd!
Her wand'ring eye was wild.

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink,
Now careless peeping o'er,
He turn'd, and to his mother smil'd,
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice, 'twas vain to fly,
'Twas vain the brink to brave,
Oh nature, it was thine alone,
To prompt the means to save!

She tore the 'kerchief from her breast,
And laid her bosom bare,
He saw, delighted---left the brink,
And sought to banquet there.

RONDEAU;

[*From the Portuguese of Camoens.*]

JUST like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars blows,
Just like Love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it to the heart be prest,
Just like Love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die---and they shall blossom never,
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like Love.

EPIGRAM.

SYLLA declares the world shall know,
That he is my determin'd foe;
I wish him wide the tale to spread
For all that I from Sylla dread;
Is that the knave to serve some end,
May one day swear that he's my friend.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church,

Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or cease no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

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